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PUNJAB UNIVERSITY

POETICAL SELECTIONS

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I. JOHN GILPIN

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
" Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen."

" To-morrow is our Wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair."

" My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, " I do admire
Of woman kind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

" I am a linen-draper bold,
As the world doth know,
And my good friend the Calender
Will lend his horse to go "

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Qouth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said ;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife ;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She has a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So, three doors off the chaise was stay'd
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin, at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs.
" The wine is left behind ! "

" Good lack ! " quoth he—" yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But, finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottle he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all.
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
"'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,

Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied

Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how did he ride.

" Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry ;

The dinner waits and we are tired :"—
Said Gilpin—" So am I "

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there ;

For why ?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;

So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,

Till at his friend, the Calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The Calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,

Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :—

"What news? What news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the Calender
In merry guise he spoke:—

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode;
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The Calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in,

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:—
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit."

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
But in a hungry case."

Said John,—" It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
" I am in haste to dine ;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine " 200

Ah ! luckless speech, and bootless boast !
For which he paid full dear ;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig ; 210
He lost them sooner than at first
For why ?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
" This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well." 220

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain ;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein ;

But, not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen, upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry :—

" Stop thief ! stop thief !—a highway man !"
Not one of them was mute ;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space ;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town ;
Not stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing—long live the King !
And Gilpin, long live he !
And when he next doth ride abroad.
May I be there to see !

William Cowper.

2. The Village Schoolmaster.

Besides yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;,
Full well the busy whisper circling round'
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frownd.
Yet he was kind ; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declared how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the person owned his skill,
For, even tho' vanquished, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length & thundering soun
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
(*The Deserted Village.*)

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3. The Village Blacksmith.

1. Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The Smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands :
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

2. His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

3. Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measur'd beat and slow,
Like a Sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

4. And children coming home from school,
Look in at the open door ;

They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,

And catch the burning sparks, that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

5. He goes on Sunday to the Church,
And sits among his boys,

He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice

Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his hearts rejoice.

6. It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!

He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;

And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

7. Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;

Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;

Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

8. Thanks, Thanks, to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught?

Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;

Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

LONGFELLOW.

4. The Assyrian came Down.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee,
Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners, at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strewn.
For the angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill.
And their hearts but once moved and for ever grew still
And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf,
And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord ?

LORD BYRON.

5. The Inchcape Rock.

1. No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be;

Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

2. Without either sign or sound of the shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;

So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

3. The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;

On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

4. When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;

And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

5. The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;

The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round
And there was joyance in their sound.

6. The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;

Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck

7. He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing;

His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

8. His eye was on the Inchcape float ;
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,

And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok"

9. The boat is lowered the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape rock they go ;

Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float

10. Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles arose and burst around ;

Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

11. Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day ;

And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

12. So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high ;

The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

13. On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is, they see no land.

Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

14. " Canst hear, " said one, " the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."

" Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

15. They hear no sound, the swell is strong ;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,

Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
"O horror ! it is the Inchcape Rock !"—

16. Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair ;

The waves rush in on every side,
The vessel is sinking beneath the tide.

17. But even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,

A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

R. SOUTHEY.

Fidelity.

1. A barking sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox ;

He halts—and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks ;

And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern ;

And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through the covert green.

2. The Dog is not of mountain breed ;
Its motions, too, are, wild and shy ;

With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry ;

Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or on height ;

Nor shout, nor strikes his ear ;.
What is the Creature doing here ?

3. It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps, till June, December's snow ;

A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below !

Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,

Pathway, or cultivated land,
From trace of human foot or hand.

4. There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;

The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere ;

Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
And mists that spread the fling shroud ;

And sunbeams, and the sounding blast,

That, if it could hurry past ;
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

5. Not free from boding thoughts, a while
The Shepherd stood ; then makes his way

Towards the Dog, o'er rocks and stones,
As quickly as he may ;

Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground ;

The appalled discoverer, with a sigh,
Looks round to learn the history.

6. From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The Man had fallen, that place of fear !

At length upon the Shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear ;

He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was and whence he came ;

Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed this way.

7. But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell !

A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.

The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,

This dog, had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

8. Yes, proof was plain that since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,

The Dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his Master's side.

How nourished here through such long time,
He knows, who gave that love sublime,

And gave that strength of feeling great
Above all human estimate,

WORDSWORTH.

7. A Legend.

1, It was upon a Lammas night
Two brothers woke and said,

As each upon the other's weal
Bethought him on his bed ;

2. The elder spake unto his wife,
" Our brother dwells alone ;

No little babes to cheer his life,
And helpmate hath he none."

3. " Up will I get and of my heap
A sheaf bestow or twain,

The while our Ahmed lies asleep,
And wots not of the gain."

4. So up he got and did address
Himself with loving heed,

Before the dawning of the day,
To do that gracious deed.

5. Now to the younger, all unsought,
The same kind fancy came !

Nor wist they of each other's thought,
Though mov'd so the same.

6. " Abdullah he hath wife," quoth he,
" And little babes also ;

What would be slender boot to me
Would make his heart o'erflow,

7. " Up will I get, and of my heap
A sheaf bestow or twain ;

The while he sweetly lies asleep,
And wots not of the gain "

8. So up he got and did address
Himself with loving heed,

Before the dawning of the day,
To mate his brother's deed !

9. Thus played they oft their gracious parts
And marvelled oft to view

Their sheaves still equal, for their heart
In love were equal too.

10. One morn they met, and, wondering, stood
To see by clear daylight

How each upon the other's good
Bethought him in the night.

11. So when this tale to him was brought,
The Caliph did decree,

Where twain had thought the same good thought
There Allah's house should be.

C. TENNYSON-TURNER.

8. The Kitten and the Falling Leaves.

1. That way look, my Infant, lo !
What a pretty baby-show !

See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,

Wither'd leave—one—two—and three—
From the lofty elder-tree !

Through the calm and frosty air,
Of this morning bright and fair,

Eddying round and round they sink
Softy, slowly, : one might think,

From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed

Sylph or Fairy hither tending,—
To this lower world descending,

Each invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.

—But the kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts !

First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow ;

There are many now—now one—
Now they stop ; and there are none,

What intenseness of desire,
In her upward eye of fire !

With a tiger-leap half-way
Now she meets the coming prey,

Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again ;

Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjuror ;

Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart,

Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by.

Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care

For the plaudits of the crowd ?
Overhappy to be proud ,

Overwealthy in the treasure !
Of her own exceeding pleasure ;

2. 'Tis a pretty baby-treat ;
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet ;

Here for neither Babe nor me,
Other playmate can I see.

Of the countless living things
That with stir of feet and wings

(In the sun or under shade
Upon bough or grassy blade)

And with busy revellings,
Chirp and song, and murmurings,

Made this orchard's narrow space ;
And this vale, so blithe a place—

Multitudes are swept away
Never more to breathe the day :

Some are sleeping ; some in bands
Travelled into distant lands ;

Others slunk to moor and wood,
Far from human neighbourhood,

And among the kinds that keep
Witk us closer fellowship,

With us openly abide
All have laid their mirth aside.

3.—Where is he that giddy sprite,
Blue cap, with his colours bright.

Who was blest as birds could be,
Feeding in the apple tree ;

Made such wanton spoil and rout,
Turning blassoms inside out ;

Hung—head pointing toward the ground
Flutter'd perch'd into a round

Bound himself and then unbound ;
Lithest, gaudiest harlequin,

Prettiest, tumbler ever seen,
Light of heart, and light of limb ;

What is now become of him ?
Lambs, that through the mountains went

Frisking, bleating merriment,
When the year was in its prime,

They are sobered by this time.
If you look to vale or hill,

If you listen, all is still,
Save a little neighbouring rill,

That from out the rocky ground
Strikes a solitary sound.

Vainly glitters hill and plain,
And the air is calm in vain ;

Vainly Morning spreads the lure
Of a sky serene and pure ;

Creatures none can she decoy
Into open signs of joy !

Is it that they have a fear
Of the dreary season near ?

Or that other pleasures be
Sweeter e'en than gaiety ?

4. Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell
In the impenetrable cell

Of the silent heart which Mature
Furnishes to every creature ;

Weatsoe'r we feel and know
Too sedate for outward show,

Such a light of gladness breaks,
Pretty Kitten ! from thy freaks,

Spreads with such a living grace
O'er my little Laura's face ;

Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,

That almost I could repine
That your transports are not mine,

That I do not wholly fare
Even as you do, thoughtless pair !
And I will have my careless season,
Spite of melancholy reason,
Will walk through life in such a way
That, when time brings on decay,

Now and then I may possess
Hours of perfect gladsomeness.

—Pleased by any random toy ;
By a kitten's busy joy,

Or an infant's laughing eye !
Sharing in the ecstasy ;

I would fare like that or this,
Find my wisdom in my bliss,

Keep the sprightly sole awake,
And have faculties to take,

Even from things by sorrow wrought
Matter for a jocund thought;

Spite of care, and spite of grief
To gambol with life's falling leaf.

WORDSWORTH.

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9. Stanzas from Horatius..

1. Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;

Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.

" Down with him " cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.

" Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
" Now yield thee to our grace."

2. Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;

Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;

But he saw on Palatinus,
The white porch of his home;

And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

3. " Oh, Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Roman's pray,

A Roman's life, a Roman's arms.
Take thou in charge this day!"

So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

4. No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank,
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

5. But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blow;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

6. Never, I ween, did swimmer;
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place;

But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

7. " Curse on him! " Quoth false Sextus ;
" Will not the villain drown ?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town " !
" Heaven help him ! " Quoth Lars Porsena,
" And bring him safe to shore ;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

8. And now he feels the bottom ;
Now on dry earth he stands ;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands ;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

9. They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night ;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

10. It stands on the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see ;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee ;
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

11. And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home ;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old

LORD MACAULAY.

10. Lucy Gray.

1. Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

2. No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wild moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

3. You yet may spy the fawn at play
The hare upon the green ;

But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

4. " To-night will be stormy night—
You to the town must go ;

And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

5. " That, father ! will I gladly do ;
'Tis scarcely afternoon—

The minister-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon ! "

20. At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band ;

He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

7. Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke

Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises uplike smoke,

8. The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down ;

And many a hill did Lucy climb ;
But never reached the town.

9 The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;

But there was neither sound nor sigh
To serve them for a guide.

10. At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;

And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

11. They wept – and, turning homeward, cried,
" In heaven we all shall meet; "

—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

12. Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the foot-marks small ;

And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall ;

13. And then an open field they crossed ;
The marks were still the same ;

They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to bridge they came.

14. They followed from the snowy bank
Those foot-marks, one by one.

Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !

15. Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;

That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

16. O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;

And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

W. WORDSWROTH.

11. An Elegy on the Death of a mad Dog.

1. Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;

And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

2. In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,

That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

3. A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and fœs;

The nacked every day he clad;
When he put on his clothes.

4. And in that town a Dog was found,
As many dogs there be,

Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

5. This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,

The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

6. Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran,

And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

7. The hound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;

And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

8. But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied,

The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died !

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Florence Nightingale

1, Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,

Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

2. Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,

And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low !

3. Thus thought I, as by night I read,
Of the great army of the dead,

The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp.

4. The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,

The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors,

5. Lo ! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see

Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

6. And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss

Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

7. On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,

That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

8. A lady with a lamp shall stand,
In the great history of the land,

A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

LONGFELLOW.

13. Curfew Must Not Ring To-night.

1. England's sun was slowly setting
O'er the hills so far away,
Filling all the land with beauty
At the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kissed the foreheads
Of a man and maiden fair,
He with footsteps slow and weary—
She with sunny, floating hair;
He with sad bowed head, and thoughtful,
She with lips so cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur;
" Curfew must not ring to-night."

2 "Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered,
Pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so dark, and gloomy,
Walls so dark, and damp, and cold,—
" I've a lover in that prison,
Doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew,
And no earthly help is nigh !
Cromwell will not come till sunset,"
And her lips grew strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers—
" Curfew must not ring to night."

3. "Long long years I've rung the curfew
From that gloomy, shadowed tower ;
Every evening, just at sunset,
It has told the twilight hour ;
I have done my duty ever,
Tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I still must do it ;
Curfew, it must ring to-night."

4. Wild her eyes and pale her features,
Stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom
Bessie made a solemn vow
She had listened while the judges
Read without a tear or sigh—
" At the ringing of the curfew
Basil Underwood must die."

And her breath came fast and faster,
And her eyes grew large and bright ;

One low murmur, scarcely spoken—
"Curfew must not ring to-night.'

5. She with light step bounded forward,
Sprang within the old church door,

Left the old man coming slowly,
Paths he'd trod so oft before.

Not a moment paused the maiden,
But with eye and cheek aglow

Mounted up the gloomy tower,
Where the bell swung to and fro,

As she climbed the dusty ladder,
Dark, without one ray of light,

Up and up, her white lips saying,
"Curfew shall not ring to night."

6. She has reached the topmost ladder,
O'er her hangs the great dark bell,

Awful is the gloom beneath her,
Darker than the tongue can tell !

See, the ponderous tongue is swinging;
'Tis the hour of curfew now,

And the sight has chilled her bosom,
Stopped her breath and paled her brow.

Shall she let it ring ? No, never ;
Flash her eyes with sudden light,

And she springs and grasps it firmly,—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

7. And the Sexton at the bell rope,
Old and deaf, heard not the bell

But he thought it still was ringing
Fair young Basil's funeral knell.

Still the maiden clung more firmly,
And with trembling lips and white,

Said, to hush her heart's wild beating ;
" Curfew shall not ring to-night."

8. It was o'er the bell ceased swaying ;
And the maiden stepped once more

Firmly on the dusty ladder,
Where for hundred years before

Human foot had not been planted—
And what she this night has done

Should be told long ages after,
As the rays of setting sun

Light the sky with mellow beauty ;
Aged sires, with heads of white,

Long should tell the little children
Curfew did not ring that night.

9. O'er the distant hills came Cromwell ;
Bessie sees him, and her brow

Full of hope and full of gladness,
Has no anxious traces now :

At his feet she tells her story,
Shows her hands all bruised and torn ;

And her face, so sweet and pleading,
Yet with sorrow pale and worn.

Touched his heart with sudden pity,
Lit his eyes with misty light ;
' Go ! Your lover lives," said Cromwell,
Curfew shall not ring to-night."

ROSA HARTWICK THORPE.

14. The Tiger.

1. Tiger ! tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night

What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

2. In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?

On what wings dare he âspire ?
What the hands dare seize the fire ?

3. And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?

And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand ? and what dread feet ?

4. What the hammer ? what the chain ?
In what furnace was thy brain ?

What the anvil ? what, dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

5. When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,

Did he smile his work to see ?
Did he who made the lamb make thee ?

6. Tiger ! tiger ! burning bright
In the forests of the night,

What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry.

W. BLAKE.

15. The Brook.

1. I come from haunts of coot and hern
I make a sudden sally,

And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

2. By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or silp between the ridges ;

By twenty thorpes, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

3. Till last by Philip's farm I flow,
To join the brimming river

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

4. I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles,

I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

5. With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,

And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

6. I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river,

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever

7. I wind about and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,

And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling ;

8. And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel

With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the gollden gravel.

9. And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river ;

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

10. I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;

I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

11. I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;

I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

12. I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wilderness ;

I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses ;

13. And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

Lord Tennyson.

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16 Abou Ben Adhem.

Abou Bin Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold :—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
" What writest thou ? " The vision rais'd its head
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, " The names of those who love the Lord."
" And is mine one ? " Said Abou. " Nay, not so " !
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, " I pray thee, then"
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names who love of God had bless'd
And lo ! Ben Adham's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt.

17. Lullaby for Titania.

First Fairy.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;
Newts, and blind-worms, do not wrong :
Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby ;
Never harm,

Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Second Fairy,

Weaving spiders, come not here ;
Hence, you long legg'd spinners, hence !
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;

Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby !
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,

Come our lovely lady nigh !
So, good night, with lullaby.

First Fairy.

Hence, away ! now all is well ;
One aloof stand sentinel.

SHAKESPEARE.

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18. The Scholar.

1. My days among the Dead are past ;
Around me I behold,

Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old :

My never-failing friends are they
With whom I converse day by day.

2. With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe ;

And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe ;

My cheeks have often been bedew'd,
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

3. My thoughts are with the Dead ; with them
I live in long-past years,

Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,

And from their lessons seek and find
Instructions with an humble mind.

4. My hopes are with the Dead ; anon
My place with them will be,

And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity ;

Yet leaving here a name, I trust ;
That will not perish in the dust.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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19. My Native Land.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who ne'er to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd

As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand !

If such there breathe, go, mark him well !
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;

High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

20. The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried

Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried

We buried him darkly, at deed of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;

By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was de
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and stranger would tread o'er his he
And we are far away on the billow !
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.
But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring.
And we heard the distant and random gun

That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;

We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

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21. Stanzas on Freedom.

1

Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,

If there breath on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?

If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,

Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

2

Women! who shall one day bear
Sons to breathe New England air,
If ye hear, without a blush,
Deeds to make the roused blood rush

Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains,—

Answer! Are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?

3

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,

And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt ?

Now ! True freedom if to share
All the chains our brothers wear,

And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free.

4

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak ;

They are slaves who will not choose
Harted, scoffing, and abuse,

Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think ;

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

LOWELL.

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22. He that is Down.

1. He that is down, needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride ;

He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

2. I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much ;

And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because, Thou savest such.

3. Fulness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage :

Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

J. Bunyan

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23. God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

1. God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;

He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2. Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never failing skill ;

He treasures up his bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,

Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;

Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;

The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;

God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

W. COWPER.

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24. Lullaby of an Infant Chief.

O hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright ;
The woods and the glens, from the towers, which we see
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.
O fear not the bugle ; though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose ;
Their bows would be bended, their blades, would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman drew near to thy bed.
O hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum ;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and weaking with day.

SIR W. SCOTT.

1.—JOHN GILPIN.

This amusing description of the ride of John Gilpin to Bell Inn at Edmonton, about 65 miles from London, was written by the poet in the course of a single night and at once became very popular with the people. There was no paper or magzine in which it did not appear, and there was no street where it was not sung. The poet himself is said to have burst out into a laughter when writing it.

1—2. **Was..renown**—Was a respectable and noted citizen.

3. **Trainband captain**—Captain of the Volunteer Army. **Eke**—also.

5. **Spouse**—Wife.

6.—8. **Though...seen**—Twenty long years have passed since we were married, yet we have never taken a holiday to celebrate the anniversary of our marriage.

10. **Repair**—Go. **Chaise**—pronounce 'shez'.—A two wheeled carriage.

12. **A...pair**—A carriage drawn by two horses.

16. **We**—Us.

17.—19. **I...she**—Of all the women there is only one whom I love most, and that is you.

21. **Linen draper**—A seller of linen

23. **Calender**—A calenderer. One who presses clothes to make them smooth.

26. **For that**—Because.

32. **Frugal**—Economical, thrifty.

39. **All agog**—*i.e.*, all of them were very eager.

40. **To...thin**—To overcome all difficulties that they may have to encounter in the way.

Smack..wheels——The driver used his whip and the carriage began to move.

43—44. **The stones......mad**—So much noise was made by the cracking of stones under the wheels of the carriage, that it seemed as if the people living in the Cheapside Street had become mad.

49. **Saddle-tree**—The wooden part of the saddle.

53—56. He was very sorry that he was required to attend to customers at such a time. But he would have felt much more sorry if he had lost the money which he was to gain by selling something to them.

57 —58. The customers took a long time to select the thing they wanted.

61. **Good lack**—Alas.

64. **Exercise**—Drill.

74. **Equipped...too**—Dressed from head to foot.

84. **Which...seat**—He began to feel very uncomfortable in the saddle.

89—90. **As upright**—As one who cannot sit erect must necessarily bend.

97. **Neck or nought**—Neck or no, *i.e.*, in a reckless manner.

100. **Rig**—prank; frolic. **Of...rig** *i.e.* that he will meet with this fate.

112. **Bawl**—shout.

115. **He carries weight**—In races, less heavy riders are required to carry weight with them so that they may not have any advantage over those who are heavy.

116. **Tis...pound**—The winner will get a thousand pound.

119. **In a trice**—In a moment. **Turnpike-men**—Men who collect toll.

122. **Reeking**—Perspiring.

128. **Baste**—Is to drop at overmeat while it is being roasted.

130. **Braced**—Tied firmly.

132. **Dangling**—Hanging loosely.

134. **These ..play**—He continued running in this way.

135. **Wash**—Name of a small brook.

137. **The wash**—Dirty waste water.

139. **Trundling**—Revolving; moving. **Mop**—a piece o cloth or a collection of coarse yarn fastened to a long handle and used for cleaning floors. A mop is moved to make it dry.

139—140 - Just as when a mop is moved about or when a wild goose plays with water, drops of water fly about, in the same way, when the horse entered the brook, its water began to fly about.

142.—**Spied**—Saw.

149—150. Yet the horse would not at all stop there.

157. **Out of breath**—spent; exhausted.

162. **In such time**—In such a miserable plight.

164. **Accosted**—Addressed.

172. **In merry guise**—In a jovial manner.

178. **Pin** - Mood.

184. **Comely**—Beautiful.

189. **Scrap**—Remove.

201—202. All this talk was unfortunate and all his boasting useless. For this all, he suffered very much.

214. **Posting away**—Riding fast.

222. **Amain**—At full speed.

223. **In a trice**—At once.

231. **To miss**—Because he was not yoked to the carriage.

232. **Lumbering**—The noise produced by the running of a carriage.

235. **Scamper**—To run with haste or speed.

236. **Hue and cry**—The loud outcry, with which thieves, etc., were pursued in ancient time.

238. **Mute**—silent.

2—THE VILLAGE SCHOOL MASTER

1. Near that fence which grows irregularly and lines the road. **Straggling fence**—a fence which grows irregularly. **Skirts**—Links.

2. Where the furze grows and bears flowers, the beauty of which there is no one to appreciate

Blossomed—Bearing flowers. **Unprofitably**—because there is none to enjoy their beauty.

Noisy Mansion—The huge building of the school which was filled with the noise of students. **Skilled to rule**—Expert in maintaining discipline.

5. **Stern to view**—Stern in outward appearance.

6. **Truant**—An idle boy who absents himself from school on false pretexts.

7. **Boding tremblers**—Students who trembled with fear, believing that some misfortune will befall them that day.

8. **Day's disasters**—The fate that was in store for that day

7—8. **Learned...face**—They had learnt from a study of the face of the teacher, whether to expect a beating or kindness from him on a particular day.

9. **Counterfeited glee**—Pretended or feigned pleasure.

11—12. When he wore a stern look on his face the students at once communicated the bad news, to one another, because they knew that some one will be beaten that day.

13.—14. If he was hard upon his students, it was because he was anxious to see them becoming as learned as he himself was.

16. **Cypher**—Do sums of Arithmetic.

17. **Terms...presage**—*i. e.*, could tell beforehand when certain events would take place.

18. **Gauge**—Measure the capacity of a cask.

19. **Owned**—Acknowledge.

21. **Words . sound**—Exceedingly long and high sounding words.

22. **Amazed . around**—The simple villagers, who stood round him, were very much astonished to find that he was so learned.

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3. THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

4. **Sinewy**—Muscular.

5. **Brawny**—Fleshy; strong.

8. **Tan**—Yellowish brown like **tan**—powdered bark of certain trees used for tanning hides.

9. He works with his head like an honest man.

11—12. He walks with his head erect, because he owes not debt to any one.

13. **Week out**—From week to week.

15—16. **Swing slow**—Use his big hammer in a regular and methodical manner.

21. **Flaming forge**—The smithy from which flames come out.

27. **Parson**—Village priest.

29. **Choir**—A band of singers in a church.

30. The memory of his wife brings tears into his eyes, and he wipes them off with his hard rough hand.

37. **Toiling**—To earn his livelihood. **Rejoicing**—At the sight of his children. **Sorrowing**—At the death of his wife. These are the three parts into which his life is divided.

42. He well deserves sleeping soundly at night.

45. **Flaming life**—Life which is one long struggle for existence.

46. **Our...wrought**—Cf We are the architects of our own fate.

47. **Sounding anvil**—Anvil resounding with blows of the hammer.

45—48—This is the moral of the poem. Just as on the anvil metals are beaten into a definite shape, in the same way, in the world, we can become great and good, if we mould our actions properly and carefully.

4.—THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

Tho story is taken from the Old Testament (2 King. XIX.) Sennachrib, King of Assyria came with a great army against Jerusalem, the sacred city of the Jews. God promised Hezekiah, King of the Jews, that He would not allow the Assyrians to take the city. So when they were encamped outside the city ready to attack it next day, "It came to pass that night that the angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrian an hundred fourscore and five thousand; and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses.

1. **Came ..fold**—attacked as fiercely as a wolf attacks a flock of sheep.

2. **Cohorts**—Regiments; soldiers. **Were... gold**—Shine brightly in their purple and embroidered clothes.

3—4. **Sheen**—Brightness. **The Sheen .....sea**—Their spears shone as brightly as stars shine on the clear flowing waters of the sea of Galilee at night. The glittering heads of spears are compared with stars.

4. **Galilee**—A Lake in Judea.

5. Numerous and in the best condition.

7. **When .. . blow**—After the wind of autumn has begun to blow.

8. **Withered and strewn**—Dead and scattered.

9. **Spread ..... blast**—Came flying on a storm of scorching wind.

10. Struck the scorching wind in the face of the enemy.

9—12. The angel of Death blew a storm of poisonous wind over the lines of the enemy and killed them all.

13—14. The horses lay dead with their nostrils distended for breath.

15. **Gasping**—fainting. **Foam...gasping**—Foam produced by difficult breathing.

16. It was as cold as is the foam which is produced when a wave of water strikes against a rock.

17—20. These lines describe the condition of the Assyrian army as it lay after the storm had blown near it.

21. **Ashur**—Assyria. **Wail**—Lamentation.

22. **Baal**—The national God of Assyrians.

23. **Gentile**—Heathens ; All un-Jewish people were so called by the Jews.

22—24. Just as the snow is melted away in the sun, in the same way, the Assyrian army was killed by a look of God, before the Jews had drawn their swords against it.

5. THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

The Inchcape Rock was a submarine rock some 24 miles to the East of Scotland.

(See The Paths of Peace).

1. There was no wind and the sea was calm.

3. Her sails were not filled with air.

4. It lay motionless in the ocean **Keet**—the principal timber which supports the whole frame of the ship.

5. So calmly did the waves flow that they produced no sound nor did they disturb anything.

7. Their ebb and flow was so imperceptible.

9. **Aberbrothok**—On the east coast of Scotland, is now called Arbroath

11. **Buoy**—Float ; a floating object fixed at a certain place to show the positions of objects beneath the water as rock, etc. **Swing**—Moved about.

12. **Its warning rung**—Rang so as to warn the people of the danger of approaching the rock.

13. **Was..... swell**—was concealed under the flow of the waves.

15. **Knew**—Came to know of.

19. **Wheeled**—Flew in a circle.

20. **Joyance**—Old form of the word joy ; happiness.

22. **A......green**—Appeared to be a dark spot in the green surface of water.

23. **Rover**—A sea pirate.

27. He felt exceedingly happy.

28. When he was in that merry mood, he thought of doing a mischief.

29. He carefully looked at the Inchcape Buoy.

32. **Plague**—Vex; tease.

42. **Scoured the seas**—Sailed over the sea in search of ships to plunder.

43. **Grown rich**—Having become rich.

45—46. The sea was overcast with thick fog, so that even the sun was not visible.

47—48. The storm blew all the day and did not subside till it was evening.

51—52. Thus did the Rover keep up the drooping spirits of his followers.

53. **Breaker**—A wave broken into foam against the shore, etc.

57. **The swell is strong**—The water flows furiously.

58. **Hath fallen**—Has subsided—**Drift**—Move about aimlessly,

59. **Shivering shock**—*i.e.*, a shock which shook the ship violently.

63. The waves envelope the ship from all sides.

67—68. He felt that as a punishment for his having sunk the Inchcape Bell, he was being driven to Hell by the Devil.

6—FIDELITY.

Wordsworth's note on this poem is as follows:—

"The young man whose death gave occasion to this poem was named Charles Gough, and had come early in the spring to Paterdale for the sake of angling. While attempting to cross over Helvellyn to Grasware, he slipped from the steep part of the rock, when the ice had not thawed and perished. His body was discovered as described in this poem. Walter Scott heard of the incident and both he and I with—

out either of us knowing that the other had taken up the subject, each wrote a poem in admiration of the dog's fidelity." Scott's poem on the subject is called **Helvellyn.**

Fidelity –Faithfulness.

5—6. After carefully looking among the rocks he saw at some distance something moving in a bush of fern plant.

8. Peeping through the thicket of fern.

9. **Breed**—Stock.

10. **Shy**—Resumed. **Motions**—Movements.

11—12. The shepherd thought that there was something unearthly in the cry of the dog.

14. **In..height**–In the valley or on the top of the hill.

15. **Strikes his ear**–He hears.

17. **Cave**—A sheltered place among the rocks.

18. When the snow which falls in December does not melt till June.

19. **Precipice**—A steep cliff.

20—**Tarn**—A small mountain lake. The tarn referred to here is the Red Tarn under Helvellyn.

21. **Helvellyn**—A mountain in Cumberland.

25—26. The loveliness of the Tarn is sometimes broken by the leaping of a fish.

27. **Repeat**—Re-echo ; resound.

28. **Symphony**—Harmony ; music. **Austere**—harsh.

27—28. The mountains resound with the shrill cry of the crow.

30—**Flying shroud**—The mist which covers the hills and moves about with the force of wind.

31. **Sounding blast**—A violent gust of wind which produces a loud noise.

33—34. Which would certainly pass away, if its progress were not checked by the barrier of the hills.

29—33. This is the land of rainbows. Clouds overcast the sky, and huge sheets of mist envelope the steep sides of the hills. Sometimes the sun shines there, and sometimes storms of wind blow, which are prevented from passing on to other regions by the huge barrier of hills.

34. Entertaining some ideas in his heart to the effect, that there was certainly something wrong there.

40 **Appalled discoverer**—the horrified shepherd who had found the body of the youngman.

45. **It breaks**—It occurs.

52—53—This wonderful event deserves to be perpetuated by a poetry.

62. How the dog managed to live for so long a time.

65. More than man can understand.

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7. A LEGEND.

Legend—Any unauthentic narrative handed down from early times.

1. **Lammas Night**—First of August, the night of first fruit offering.

3. **Weal**—Welfare; good. **As...weal**—As one thought of the good of the other.

Helpmate, *i.e.*, wife.

10. I will confer a sheaf or two upon him.

12. **Wots not**—Does not know.

13. **Address**—Apply.

14. **Loving deed**—Act of generosity.

16. **Gracious deed**—Act of generosity.

17. **All unsought**—Without any effect.

19. **Nor thought**—They did not know what was passing in mind of each other at the time.

20. Though both of them were moved by the same generous impulse.

23. **Slender boot**—Of little benefit.

24. Would please him immensely.

32. **Mate**—equal.

33. In this way they often performed their act of kindness.

34. Often wondered to see.

40. **Bethought him**—Thought in his mind.

42. **Did decree**—Ordered.

44. **Allah's house**—Mosque.

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8. The Kitten and the Falling Leaves.

Wordsworth's note on this poem is as follows :—

"Seen at Town End, Grasmere. The elder bush has long since disappeared; it hung over the wall near the cottage, and the kitten continued to leap catching the leaves as here described."

The infant was Dora, Wordsworth's daughter.

2. **Baby-show**—A show for the amusement of little children.

4. **Sporting**—Playing

6. **Elder tree**—A kind of tree, bearing dark purple berries.

9. **Eddying**—Whirling ; moving in a circle.

13. **Hither tending**—Moving or falling towards the earth. **Sylph**—An imaginary being inhabiting the air.

16. **Wavering**—Fluttering. **Parachute**—Pronounced "Parashoot"—In ballooning an apparatus to prevent rapidity of descent. It is usually of the shape of an umbrella. The fluttering leaf is a sort of an umbrella by means of which sylphs and fairies slowly descend to the ground.

17–18—**Starts...darts**—These are the various positions which a beast of prey adopts when attacking its victim.

20. All are equally light and yellow.

23. **Intenseness of desire**—Longing.

24. **Upward eye of fire**—Bright shining eye which is fixed upon the tree.

26. **Coming prey**—Falling leaf.

29. **Works with**—Plays with.

31–32. The kitten is as quick in performing the tricks as a juggler is, but it is more pleased with its work than a juggler.

33. **Antics**—franks. **In the eye of**—in the presence of; before.

37. **Plaudits**—Cheers.

36–37.—The Tabby Cat does not at all care for the cheers of the spectators.

38—40.—Because she feels exceedingly proud for having the treasure of immense pleasure in her possession.

42. **Unmeet**—Improper; unsuitable.

43–44. I see here no other playmate for my little daughter or for myself.

46. **That . wings**—Animals and birds.

49. **Busy revellings**—Great merry making.

52. **So place**—So cheerful a place.

53–54. A large number is killed.

55—56. **Some in ..lands**—Some in large numbers have migrated to distant countries.

59. Far away from cities.

60—61. **Among...fellowship**—of the domesticated animals.

63. **Giddy sprite**—gay little bird.

67. Which works havoc so indiscriminately.

70—71. **Into...unbound**—Collects itself into the form of a ball and then takes a somersault.

72. **Lithest**—Most active. **Harlequin**—A clown or buffoon fantastically dressed.

74. Merry and active.

78. In spring season.

79 **Sobered**—Made serious or calm.

82. **Rill**—A small stream or brook.

84. Produces a lovely sound as it flows,

85. **Vainly**—Because there is none to enjoy them.

87. **Lure**—Bait ; decoy.

89. **Decay**—lead or lure by artifice

89—90. In spite of the calm and fair weather no living being is tempted to stir out for the purpose of enjoyment for fear of the approaching winter.

92. **The dreary season near**—The approaching winter.

94. **Gaiety**—Mirth.

96. **Impenetrable**—Inscrutable.

95—98. We cannot know what pleasures live in the inscrutable heart which God has given to every creature.

100. **Sedate**—Serious.

99—100. Our inmost feelings and knowledge may be too serious to be expressed in words.

101—102. Pretty kitten, your pranks show that your joy is due to certain feelings which pass your mind, but which you cannot fully express.

103—104. A similar beauty spreads over the face of my little daughter Laura.

107. **Repine**—Feel sorry ; regret.

107—108. That I too feel tempted to complain that I do not feel the same sort of happiness which you feel.

109—110. That pleasure like yours does not fall to my lot. **Thoughtless pair**—Kitten and the baby who have no feelings at all.

111. **Careless season**—Time of thoughtlessness.

112. **Melancholy reason**—Wisdom which dwells upon the worries of life.

113. Will spend my life in such a way.

114. **When . decay**—*i.e.*, in my old age.

116. **Perfect gladsomeness**—Complete happiness.

117. **Random toy**—Any trifling thing that one may happen to possess.

120. **Ecstasy**—Excessive joy.

121. **Like...this**—Like the kitten or the laughing baby.

122. Will only look upon that as the wise course which will be conductive to my happiness. I will look only upon that thing as wise, which will lead me to happiness.

123. Keep my lively soul active

124. **Faculties**—Capacities.

125. Even sorrowful or sad things.

126. Material for a joyous thought.

128. **Gambol**—Cheerfully. **To leaf**—To derive pleasure even from the misfortune which befalls a

man in old age, just as a kitten derives pleasure from a falling leaf.

9—STANZAS from HORATIUS.

Sextus, the eldest son of Terquinius, king of Rome, outraged Lucretia, the wife of his cousin. On this the Romans drove out the king and his son from the country. The Terquins sought the help of Lars Porsena, an Etruscan king who marched against Rome and captured the gate on the further side of the Tiber. The river was crossed by a single wooden bridge on which **Horatius** stood as a guard. When all Romans had escaped into the city, the bridge was burnt by them. Horatius was thus left alone with the enemy in front and the river behind. On this he leapt into the river, and heavily armed though he was, safely reached the opposite bank. These Stanzas are taken from Macaulay's **Lays of Ancient Rome.**

2. He was still firm in his resolution.

3. **Thrice thirty thousands**—ninety thousand.

5. **Down with him**—Kill him.

7. **Yield**—surrender.

9—10. He turned his back as if he did not care even to look at the cowardly army of the enemy.

13. **Palatinus**—One of the seven hills on which Rome is built.

15—16. **The noble ...Rome**—*i.e.* the river Tiber.

20. **In charge**—Under protection.

21. **Sheathed**=Put in the scabbard.

23. **Harness**—Armour.

25—29. These lines describe the anxiety of the two armies to know, whether Horatius would sink or rise from under water.

30. **Surge**—Wave.

31. **Crest**—Plume of the helmet.

32. **Rapturous cry**—A shout of joy.

33—34. Even the Tuscan army could not help cheering him.

36. **Swollen high**—Flooded.

40. Exhausted because of the struggle which he had to make to keep himself afloat.

Ween—Think.

44. Under such adverse circumstances.

50 **Kept his chin above the water**—Did not let him sink.

53. **Stay**—Resistance.

59. He reaches the shallow part of the river.

61, **Throng**—Gather. **Fathers**—Senators.

62. **Gory**—Covered with blood.

65—66. He was carried in a procession by a large crowd of people into the city through the River Gate.

68. **That .. right**—That was the common property of the people of Rome.

71. **Molten image**—Statue.

75. **Comitium**—That portion of the Roman Forum that was set apart as the place of meeting of Comitia Curiata.

76. It is so conspicuous that every one can see it.

81. **Kept**—Defended.

83—84. **Sounds...Rome**—Stirs the Romans up to action. **Still ..Rome**—Still his name is a source of inspiration to the Romans.

85. **Trumpet blast**—The sound of the trumpet of war.

86. **Volscians home**—The country of the Volscians—a war-like people who lived in the country

bordering on the plain of Rome and were finally subdued by the Romans.

85—86. When the Romans blow their war trumpets to invade the country of the Volscians.

87. **Wives**—Roman ladies.

Juno—The wife of Jupiter and the goddess of married life. She lent her aid at childbirth.

89.—90—**As...old**—*i.e.*, Horatius.

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10 Lucy Gray.

The incident on which this poem is based is said to have taken place near Halifax in Yorkshire.

2. **Wild**—An uninhabited and uncultivated tract of land.

Lucy had no playmate nor a companion.

6. **Moor**—A tract of waste land, especially when partly covered with heath.

7—8. Lucy was the most beautiful girl that is ever born to man.

9. **Yet.. spy**—See even now.

15—16...**To...snow**—To show the way to your mother in the snow.

19. **Minster...clock**—Clock of the village church.

20. **Yonder...moon**—Lucy expects that the moon will give her light on her return journey.

21. **Hook**—A curved iron instrument for cutting or chopping.

22. **Snapped**—Cut open. **Faggot band**—A bundle of sticks er firewood.

25. **Blither**—*i e.*, more blithe or joyous than Lucy.

26. **Wanton stroke**—Sportive kicks.

27. **Powdery snow**—Snow which falls in small flakes.

29. The storm began to blow before it was expected.

30. She strayed away from the road.

36. To lead them to the place where Lucy was.

38. **Overlooked**—Commanded the view of.

42. Lucy was killed and her parents could meet her only in heaven.

46. They began to follow the marks of her small feet.

51. **Nor ever lost**—They did not lose sight of them.

55. Half way accross the bridge.

57. **Maintain**—Hold the opinion.

58. **Lonesome**—Lonely.

61. **Rough and smooth**—Plain whether even or uneven. **Trips**—Walks with light, swift steps.

11. THE MAD DOG.

2. Hear the song I sing to you.

3–4. It is so small that you will not have to give much time to hear it.

7. He always led a pious life.

16. Dogs of inferior breed.

18. **Pique**—Quarrel.

19. **To . ends**—To take revenge for some insult offered to it.

23. **Had ..wits**—Had become mad.

26. **Christian eye**—Kind and sympathetic people.

27. **Swore**—*i e.*, positively asserted.

29. **A light**—An unexpected thing took place.

30. **Rogue**—Wag ; a knave.

12 Florence Nightingale.

During the Crimean War, when the English soldiers were suffering terribly for want of proper clothing and medical aid, this lady volunteered her services to organise relief and medical department. So successful was she in the work she undertook, that she earned the everlasting gratitude of her countrymen. (*See The Two Heroines.*)

1. **Is wrought**=is performed

4 **To ..rise**—Our hearts are filled with noble sentiments.

Daily needs—Necessaries of our every day life.

7—8. Lifts us from a low level by the expression of noble ideas.

9—10. **As . dead**—As one night I read how a large number of English soldiers had died.

12. When a large number of soldiers died for want of proper food and warm clothing.

17 **House of misery**—*i e.,* hospitals.

18. **Lady with a lamp**—This was Florence Nightingle, who even in the night time, with a lamp in hand, went about looking after the patients.

19. **Glimmering gloom**—Darkness which was lighted by the feeble light of the lamp.

20. **Flit**—Pass with rapid motion.

21. **As ..blish**—As if he were dreaming a happy dream.

22. **Speechless sufferer**—The patient, who, on account of pain, cannot speak.

22—24. Mark the respect which the wounded in Crimea showed for Florence Nightingle.

25. **Annals**—History.

25—26. **Through song**—In future when an account of all these events is written in prose and poetry.

28. **Portals**—Gates.

25—28. In the future history of England, the noble example of self-sacrifice which Miss Florence Nightingale set in the Crimea shall always be remembered; the people will continue to sing her praise both in prose and verse, and her spirit will serve as an example for generations to come.

29—32 The name of Miss Florence Nightingale shall ever be remembered in the history of England as of a woman who left no stone unturned to alleviate the misery of the sufferers in the Crimea, and as the type of a good and virtuous woman.

13—CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT

3. Making the whole landscape look beautiful.

5. **Kissed**, *i.e.*, fell upon.

6. **Man ..fair**—Basil Underwood and Bessie.

7. **He ..weary**—Basil Underwood felt tired and walked slowly.

8. **Sunny floating hair**—Bright hair which flow down in folds

11. **Straggling ..back**—Trying not to utter.

12. **Curfew...lit....**Means cover fire. In the middle ages a bell was rung throughout Europe at 8 o'clock in the evening, on the ringing of which all lights were to be put out,

13. **Faltered**—Stammerred as she spoke.

18. Condemned to death and was to be executed at curfew time.

21. **Oliver Cromwell**, 1599—1650, on the defeat and executions of King Charles became the Protector of England, which office he held till his death in 1658.

23. **Husky whisper**—Faltering tone.

28. It has announced the time of the setting of the sun.

38. **Without...sigh**—Without any feeling of remorse or pity.

50. **Aglow**—Glowing red on account of excitement.

54. **Dark . light** *i.e*, pitch dark.

60. So dark that no words can describe it.

61. **Ponderous tongue**—Heavy hammer of the bell.

63—64. The sight of the curfew greatly terrified her

71—72. He thought the bell was ringing and announcing the time of the execution of Basil.

83. **Should ..after**—Shall ever be related to generations to come.

84—85. So long as the rays of the setting sun lend beauty to the sky in the evening, *i.e.*, for ever.

85. **Mellow**=Soft ; pleasant.

86. Grey-haired—old men.

92, There is no trace of anxiety on her face now.

95. **Interceding**—*i.e.*, pleading on behalf of her lover.

98. Tears filled his eyes—he wept.

14 THE TIGER.

1, **Burning bright**—Shining with a bright colour

2. Of—In.

4. Could make you as beautiful but at the same time so terrible.

Deeps– Oceans.

6. Was prepared the fierceness which is found in your eyes.

7. **Dare he aspire**—He dared to fly to the skies to bring fire for thy eyes.

9. **Shoulder**—Physical strength. **Art**—Skill.

10. Could make the muscles or strength of your head.

12. How dreadful were the hands, and how terrible the feet of the tiger, that he made.

14. **was**—Was wrought or moulded.

15. **Grasp**—Grip

13—16. What hammer, chain, furnace and anvil were required to mould thy dreadful brain.

16. **Clasp**—handle.

17 -18. When even the stars wept to see that so fearful a creature was created.

15. THE BROOK.

1. **Haunt**—Abode. **Hern**—Heron.

2. **Sally**—A sudden rush from beneath the rocks, etc

3. **Sparkle**—Shine ; glitter.

4. **Bicker**—Fall down rapidly.

7 **Thorps**—A hamlet.

6. **Philip**—The name of some farmer.

10. **Brimming**—Overflowing.

14. **Sharps and trebles**—Loud shrill sounds.

17. **Fret**—Corrode ; wear away.

19. **Fairy foreland**—Beautiful copes. **Set**—Grown with.

27. **Lusty**—Fat ; thick.

31. **Silvery waterbreak**—With ripples.

32 **Golden**—Yellow. **Gravel**—Small stones mixed with sand.

38. **Hazel covers**—Bushes of hazel plant.

39. **Forget-me-not**—A kind of flower, also called Touch-me-not. It is considered the emblem of friendship in European countries.

43. **Netted sunbeam**—Checquered light of the sun

16. ABOU BEN ADHEM.

2. **Deep...peace**—Sound and uninterrupted sleep.
4. **Making it rich**—Making it look beautiful.
6. **Peace**—Tranquility of mind.
7. **Presence**—That which was present--*i.e.* angel.
8. **Vision**—That which was seen—angel.
9 Which appeared to be full of peace and sympathy.
16. **Wakening light**—Dazzling light.
18. **Led.. rest**—Was at the top of all.

17. LULLABY FOR TITANIA.

Lullaby—A cradle-song ; a song to quieten children or lull them to sleep. It is derived from the word **lull** ..to rest, to soothe.

Titania—Queen of the fairies.

1. **Double**—Forked.

3. **Newts**—A kind of lizard. It is a corruption of **Anewt**—the initial **n** being borrowed from the Indefinite Article **an**. **Blindworm**—A small lizard covered with scales, has a forked tongue, and is harmless. Its eyes are so small that they cannot be seen, hence it is called blindworm. In the time of Shakespeare, newts, blindworms, spiders, etc., were supposed to be poisonous.

5. **Philomel**—The Greek name for a nightingale, It is so named from Philomel, a daughter of Pandian, king of Athens, who when pursued by Tereus, was changed into the bird known as Nightingale.

8. **Nor .....charm**—Do not practise any evil art or magic.

10. **Nigh**—Near.

13. **Spinner**—A kind of big spider.

15, **Do no offence**— Do not injure the Queen in any way.

18. The Scholar

I, **My days**—The days of my life; my time. **Among the dead** In studying the books of dead writers.

3. Whenever I happen to cast my eyes.

4. The great writers of old time.

5. **Never...failing**—Constant; ever faithful.

6. With whom I talk and discuss matters every day.

7. In time of prosperity, I take pleasure in enjoying their company.

8. When I am in trouble, I comfort myself with their study.

10—12. When I feel how much indebted I am to them, my eyes become filled with tears of gratitude.

13. **My dead**—I always think about the authors who are dead.

14. **With years**—When I study their books, so much do I enter into their ideas, that I begin to feel as if I were living in the days, when those books were written.

16. **Partake**—Take part in.

18. **Instructions**—Lesssons.

19. Breathes There the Man.

Breathes...dead—does there live such a man in the world who has so unfeeling a heart.

4. **Burned**—Glowed.

5—6. As he returns home after sojourn in foreign lands.

8. **No......swell**—No bird will sing poems in his praise.

11. **Pelf**—ill-gotten wealth.

12. **Concentred all in self**—Who looks upon himself as self-sufficient; who is selfish.

13. **Living**—During his life time. **Shall...renown**—Shall forfeit his good name; no one will take his name with respect.

14. **Doubly dying**—he loses his life and he loses his good name.

15—16. **Shall .... unrung**—Shall go into the mean earth out of which he was created, and no one shall weep for him, honour his memory or sing poems in his praise.

20. THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Sir John Moore was an English general who died fighting against the French during the Peninsular War 1809—1814.

This poem was suggested by Southey's fine story in the **Edinburgh Annual Register** of 1808. "Sir John Moore had often said that if he was killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there by a body of men of the 9th Regiment, the aides-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was in a military cloak and blankets. The internment was hastened, for about eight in the morning some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family, bore him to the grave, the funeral service was read by the chaplain, and the corpse was covered with earth."

1. **Drum**—A military drum beaten when a general is buried.

Funeral note—A song sung at the time of funeral—burying a man.

2. **Rampart**—A mound or wall built round a place for the purpose of fortification.

Not...shot—No volley was discharged over the grave of Moore as is generally done on such occasions.

6. **The ..rods .....turning**—As we dug his grave with our bayonets.

7. **By......light**—with the help of the dim light of moon which reached us with great difficulty through the mist.

9. **No .....breast**—We did not put him in a box which could do him no good. Coffin is that box in which a dead body is placed for burial.

10. **Shroud**—A cloth in which the dead body is wrapped.

11—12. His military cloak was his only coffin, and as he lay in this condition, he looked like a soldier in sleep.

15. Steadfastly gazed—Looked with a fixed gaze.

16. Our thoughts sorrowfully turned to the events that were to take place on the following day.

17. **Hollowed**—Made hollow or dug.

18. **Smoothed**—Made even and soft.

Foe—the French. The **stranger**—the Spaniards.

20—On the sea on our way to England—hence unable to protect the tomb of Moore.

21. Contemptuously they will take to the dead Moore.

22. They will curse him as they will tread over his tomb.

23—24. But he will not care for that at all. All that he would wish is that he should be permitted to lie in the grave, in which his countrymen had placed him.

27. **Random gun**—Gun fired without any definite aim and with a view to know the position of the enemy.

30. We brought Moore from the battlefield where he had just won distinctions and was covered with blood as the result of the fatal wound he had received.

31. Neither we raised a stone on his tomb nor did we write any thing to mark the place where Moore was buried.

STANZAS ON FREEDOM

1. **Come of**—Are descended from.

3—4. Even if there is a single slave living in the world, you do not deserve to be called free and brave in the true sense of the words.

5—6 **The chain ..pain**—The suffering which slavery inflicts upon a fellow being.

9—10 .. **Bear air**=Children who will live in the freedom loving country of America.

11—14. **If.. chains**—If you are not ashamed to hear the deeds which are sufficient to curdle up one's blood in his veins—that there are women who still live in slavery in Amrica.

18. **Fetters**—Chains of slavery.

17—18. **To sake**—To make our own self free.

19. **Leathern hearts**—Unfeeling hearts like those made of leather.

20. That we owe a debt to mankind.

21—22. True freedom lies in sharing with others the miseries which they have to endure in a life of slavery.

21—24. This is the central idea of the poem. The poet says, it is not sufficient that you yourselves should be free. But it is your duty to help others in becoming free like yourself.

27—30. Really slaves are those people, who hesitate to say what they believe to be really true for fear of being hated, scoffed at, and abused by their opponents.

22. HE THAT IS DOWN.

He .. down—One who considers himself a very humble man. **Needs ..fall**—Should not be afraid of being ruined.

2. One who is lowly in spirit does not stand in danger of becoming proud.

6. Whether I have little or much.

Contentment...such—I will pray to God to give me contentment, because He protects those who are contented with what they receive from God.

.9. **Fulness**—Abundance; plenty; wealth. **Burden**—A source of trouble.

9—10 **Fulness...pilgrimage**——Abundance of wealth is a source of great trouble to the godly, who go on pilgrimage to holy places.

11—12. To remain content with a little in this world and to wish for the wealth of the next world, has been considered to be the best thing in all wages.

23—GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY.

1—2. Inscrutable are the ways of God in which He works wonders.

3—4. He fixes his feet in the sea and controls the storm. The sea storm is also blown by him and it is one of his wonders. 5. **Unfathomable**—Deep.

9. **Never-failing**—That which never fails or goes amiss.

7. **Treasures up**—Collects; stores up.

5—8 - God stores up his brilliant designs in the deep mines of his great skill—Inscrutable are the ways of God.

9. **Fearful saints**—Saintly people who are frightened for nothing.

10. The misfortunes of which you are so much afraid.

11. **Are big with**—Are full of,

11—12. **Shall . head**—They will be the source of great blessing for you.

13—16—. On account of your weak understanding, do not find fault with the skill of God. Although He may appear to be angry with you, when He punishes you for some sin, but in reality all that is for your own good.

17—18. You will soon learn that whatever He does, He does for your good. Even when He punishes you, He does it for your good.

21. One who has no faith in Him, is sure to fall into a mistake.

22. Such a man, even if he were to try to find the wisdom of God in his works, will fail to find it.

23—24. God alone understands His ways and He alone will make His designs known to us.

24 LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

1. **Hush thee**—keep quiet, do not cry. **Sire**—**Father.**

. **Glens**—Valleys.

6. It is blown simply for the guidance of the sentinels who keep watch over the castle to prevent people from disturbing you in your sleep.

7. **Would be bended**—In order to shoot at your enemies. **Their . red**—Their swords will become red with the blood of your enemies.

9. **Time . come,** *i.e.*, when you become young.

10—**When ..drum**—When your sleep will be disturbed by the blowing of trumpets and of drums and you will be required to fight against your enemies

11 **Take...may**—Take rest so long as it is possible for you to do so, *i.e.*, so long as you are a child.

12. Just as you wake up when it is day, in the same way, when you grow up to manhood, you shall have to take part in war.